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Ideas Become Fast

Fancies of Novelists Reproduced in Actual Life.

Instances are numerous which show how the fancies of the novelist may become realities through men and women reproducing in actual life the imaginary scenes of the story teller. It is well known that Sir Walter Besant's story of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" brought about the building of the People's palace in London. Jules Verne's apparently wild flights of imagination in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" is probably largely responsible for the wonderful progress that has been made in submarine navigation, and the constructors and operators of these boats have been already able to discount some of the novelist's fancies. When the city of Galveston was overwhelmed in an instant by the destroying waters tens of thousands of people read the detailed story in the newspapers and wondered at the reproduction in this catastrophy of the Lafcadio Hearn's story of "Chitu: A Memory of Lost Islands." The Galveston story, to the smallest detail, had long before been dreamed and the dream told by the pen of Hearn. Those who have read "King Solomon's Mines" remember how Captain Good upon one occasion when things were looking decidedly dubious for the English adventurers saved the lives of himself and his companions by a skillful manipulation of his single eyeglass and his false teeth. The recent outbreak in Ashanti furnished an incident which almost paralleled the one imagined by Rider Haggard. Two Englishmen were in a native village far out on the western borders of the disturbed country. When the war broke out all their native servants left them and they were alone with the hostile savages. One, a mining prospector, went to a neighboring chief for protection. The chief received him kindly, gave him a meal and, while he was eating, beat his brains out with a war club. The other man, Walter Bennett by name, a surveyor, was starting from his house when he heard the fate of his companion. He made his way to another chief, who received him grimly, took him into his house and then intimated that he would shortly "do things" to Mr. Bennett. The chief's family gathered around to inspect their victim and the Englishman adjusted his monocle and sat down to think things over. The single eyeglass at once caught the fancy of the chief's wives and children and they laughed and jabbered until Mr. Bennett had to laugh too. For an hour or so the family of the chief kept the surveyor "doing stunts" with his eyeglass. When he managed to screw the glass into the eye of the chief's favorite wife the hilarious rapture of the whole village was complete, and even the old chief laughed until his woolly hair hurt him. Needless to say Mr. Bennett's life was spared and he was conducted to a place from which he could reach the British lines. Bibianiha is the name of the village where the surveyor saved his life after the manner of Captain Good of "King Solomon's Mines." You can't find it on the map—at least not on the ordinary ones—but it is probable that the villagers are laughing there yet at the strange Englishman with the adjustable eye. Some years ago Justin McCarthy wrote a novel called "Red Diamonds." In that story can be found many things which remind one of the Molineux case. Captain Praven, secretary of the Voyagers' club in that story, had an enemy called Bostwick, who tried to kill him as, it is alleged, Molineux tried to kill Harry Cornish, by sending him some poisoned headache powders, which came to the captain in almost exactly the same manner as the powders came to Cornish. And the failure of the plot is about similar in manner to the failure of the plot against Cornish. When Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867 no one thought that it would prove a second California as regards gold, but in that year Bret Harte pictured Yankee miners swinging their picks in the midst of wildernesses of snow and ice, and, in fact, prophesied the Klondike out of the fullness of his imagination. In "Pursued by the Law," J. Maclaren Cobbian has a criminal, in the custody of two policemen, scramble through the window of a rapidly moving railway train, leap from it to the ground and make off. The critics naturally pronounced this incident as "highly exciting, but unfortunately impossible." Two days after such a criticism appeared the London papers, under the heading "Leaped from a Train," chronicled an incident exactly similar to that described by Mr. Cobbian.—Chicago Chronicle.

Indian Is Maligned

Vices Which Today Are Attributed to Him.

Indian character has been greatly maligned, says Maj. John M. Burke, who has made a study of the red men. Treachery, so often charged against them, has no part in their make-up. The Indian has fought the man who mistreated him, and he has always fought openly. He has been the friend—the unfailing friend—of the man who has been kind to him, and as given evidence that he wished to help him. The Indian was the friend of Pere Marquette and Father De Smet. The man who has shown him a "forked tongue" he has treated as he would any other snake. The man who has cheated him, has taken advantage of his ignorance to make his hard lot harder, he has killed. The Indian is a child of nature, and he is therefore candid and ingenuous. When wronged he knows it, and says so, and his only way to get satisfaction is to fight. There is no chance for him to "lay low" and wait for another deal. He can only see what is in sight. When Columbus came to America the Indians were at first alarmed at the "great white-winged birds"—the ships. The white-faced, strangely-dressed people who came out of them were to the simple natives supernatural beings. But when they saw that those were people who were hungry and could eat, then the Indians brought the best they had and gave it freely for nothing, and were as kindly as well-raised children. When the cruel Spaniards beat them and misused them, the Indians naturally enough believed that all white men were cruel and dangerous. Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru found the aborigines a gentle people, but that did not decrease the relentless cruelty that always grows out of lust for gold, and so, for centuries, with all their continuous generations, the Indian was taught that the white man was his heartless enemy; and he accepted the lessons. There was no way to teach him that not all white men were greedy and cruel. Vice will go much further to assert itself than virtue. But, coming down to this very day, the unsophisticated red man of the west, hating a liar, tells the truth; having been surrounded, the game killed—exterminated uselessly—he has no way to get a living and thinks it only natural that the government which took away his opportunities for sustenance owes him food and raiment. The government says it does, and sends agents to look after and provide for him. Some of the agents formerly accepted their places with the belief that they had a right to rob the very class that they were appointed to protect. Of course, not all Indian agents were this way, but many of them were, and the Indian was blamed because he refused to be treated with the injustice that came from greed—the most cruel of all injustice—and he grumbled and fought. The Indian is supposed to be selfish and brutal—by those who do not know him. There is no human being on earth who will more quickly divide his last mouthful of food with a friend. No Indian that ever lived would crowd a white-haired old woman out of the way to get on a street car first. That sort of thing, and everything akin to it, that is discourteous, may be seen among the men of the streets of all cities. Real men do not do such things, no more than all Indians do beastly things than those who do not know them suppose they do. The Indian has not had the benefit of laundries and porcelain baths, but he jumps into the water and washes himself every time he has a chance. He does not live where there are napkins and finger bowls, and he would not know exactly which curious little fork to use for this or that, nor the precise manner in which he should carry a spoonful of soup to his mouth. He has not been taught these things. Neither does he guage his neighbor's respectability by the number of ponies the neighbor possesses, nor does he lie awake of nights thinking over schemes to win his neighbor's goods. He thinks that one who is able to pay and does not do so is a worse man than he who is not able to pay. He does not say to the former, "He is all right because he has money, though he does not pay just debts nor practice deeds of charity."

SAVED BY A MONGOOSE

Its Attack on a Cobra Prevented a Fatality...

A St. Louis man who has been engaged in engineering work in India brings home this story of an exciting adventure with a cobra:

"We had just finished a hard day's work and were preparing to take a good rest. We were far from a village, on some hills, and took shelter in a deserted hut. We did not reach the hut until after midnight, and consequently we slept late into the next day. The first thing I remember upon opening my eyes was a flood of light through the door. I was nearest, and my two companions were behind me. On a second glance my blood almost froze. There on the floor of the hut and less than two feet from me was a large cobra, the largest I have ever seen. It was coiled to strike, and its venomous neck swelled with poison. The little eyes glittered like beads. I never moved a limb, but gazed at it in horror. My perfect stillness probably saved my life, for if I had made a move the snake would have struck. As it was, it seemed to be enjoying the triumph, and slowly moved its head backward and forward. I dared not utter a sound, as I knew that it would seal my fate.

"I was just revolving in my mind what to do and had determined to make a quick leap, when there was a rush from a far corner. A small animal about the size of a rat darted out from behind the snake and like a flash seized him by the neck just above the hood. And then commenced the fiercest struggle I have ever witnessed. The snake plunged, writhed and twisted, but the little animal clung to it. At length its struggles grew weaker and I was enabled to dispatch it with a stick. The little animal was a mongoose, the famous India cobra fighter. As soon as the snake was dead it fled to its hiding place and we could not coax it out. If I ever felt grateful to man or beast it was to the little mongoose that saved my life."

Collegiate Degrees.

Once every seven or eight years somebody perpetrates an ingenious fraud in collegiate degrees. The victims are supposed to be educated men, but they are as easily gulled as innocent mossbacks. Hitherto the degree most in demand has been "M. D." Every quack in the country could get one for a few dollars. A "Professor" in Massachusetts sold thousands some years ago. No one ever thinks of asking the bearer of honors by whom they were conferred. The question would look like an impertinence. The latest victims, the "reverends," are undeserving of sympathy. Every one buying a "D. D." should be retired from the pulpit. If this thing continues I shall expect to see all degree men required to append the name of their university to their honors, as Jonathan Hedwards, LL. D., Yale; Charles Elbert Cartwright, M. D., Harvard; the Rev. Beecher Darby Vandyke, D. D., Princeton; Ph. D., Columbia; D. C. L., Cambridge; D. Lit., Oxford, etc.—New York Press.

In the year 1900, out of 1,953 raids on illicit stills, 673 were made in Georgia, which is a prohibition state except as to four of its cities.

An orator may spout like a whale and still be only a "shark."

THE NATION'S LIBRARIES

There Are Now 5,383 Such Institutions, with 44,591,851 Volumes

The report of the United States Bureau of Education shows that there has been in the last five years, an increase of 1,357 in the number of public, society and school libraries in the United States. There are now 5,383 such libraries, as against 4,026 in 1896, and 44,591,851 volumes, as against 3,051,872—an increase of nearly 35 per cent. in the number of books.

The North Atlantic division has 2,437 of the 5,383 libraries, and 1,000,000 more than half the number of volumes in the United States. New York alone has 718 libraries with 7,496,509 volumes; Massachusetts, 571 libraries, with 6,633,285 volumes and Pennsylvania, 401 libraries, with 3,947,577 volumes. The North Central division has 1,728 libraries, with 11,211,710 volumes; Ohio, 266 libraries, with 2,055,589 volumes, and Michigan 193 libraries, with 1,298,708. volumes.

The South Atlantic division has 421 libraries, with 5,303,237 volumes. Maryland has 80 of these libraries, with 1,175,253 volumes, and the District of Columbia 74, with 2,504,783 volumes, 1,000,000 of these being in the Library of Congress. The South Central division has 374 libraries, with 1,386,731 volumes. Kentucky has 76 libraries, with 125,729 volumes, and Tennessee 71 libraries, with 382,221 volumes. The Western division has 387 libraries, with 2,7779,596 volumes. California has 212 of these libraries, with 1,781,858 volumes, and Colorado 54, with 363,866 volumes.

A Michigan Town.

The arrival stepped up to the hotel counter, swung the register around and signed his name: "John Smith, Michigan." "Ah, Mr. Smith," said the clerk with that hospitable manner of the true hotel clerk, "what's the best word in Kalamazoo?" Mr. Smith turned pale as if he had been caught in the very act. "How did you know I was from Kalamazoo?" he inquired in surprise, for he had never been in that hotel before. "Oh," laughed the clerk, "I've been in the hotel business a long time, and I never saw one of them put down the name of his town yet. The only others I know of like that are from Oshkosh." Mr. Smith didn't know just what to say in reply, so he said it, and went on up stairs to his room, thinking.—New York Sun.

Native Seed Best.

Like Indian corn, the tomato is best when the seed is produced in the same latitude and climate where the crop is to be grown, and it seldom does its best the first season when taken far north or south of its native locality.

ENGLAND'S NEW MOVE

WILL USE ASIATICS AND AFRICANS IN HER WARS

One of the most important announcements that have been made in the British Parliament for many years is the recent declaration by Joseph Chamberlain, colonial secretary, that the English government will not hesitate henceforth to employ in Europe or elsewhere its Indian and African troops. It is an announcement of most profound interest to the entire civilized world, but more especially to those nations which have millions of semi-barbarous races subject to their rule.

Hitheto there has been a strong sentiment against the use of semi-civilized races in the wars of Christian states. It is a sentiment that found expressinon in the eighteenth century at Westminister, when the great Lord Chatham denounced with such eloquent indignation the employment by the British commanders in this country of Red Indian tribes against the American revolutionary forces. There are few newspapers, either in the United States or Europe, that did not express their abhorrence of the use of Cossacks and Circassians by Russia in suppressing the Hungarian insurrection in 1848, and of the Sultan's action in endeavoring to put down the rising in Bulgaria in 1876 by means of irregular Bashi-Bazouks, recruited from the most barbarous portion of his Asiatic dominions.

Several years afterward, at the time that England seemed to be on the verge of war with Russia, a small contingent of Indian cavalry was brought to Malta, which created such an outcry and storm of protest, even in Great Britain, that the men were quickly shipped back to Bombay. Their visit to Malta, however, served to remind Continental Europe of the fact that the military resources of England were not restricted solely to her standing army at home, and that her forces in India must be taken into account. This is probably all that Lord Beaconsfield had in view when he brought the Indian contingent to the Mediterranean.

The man who is imprisoned for life no longer dreads being found out.

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